SOME NEW BOOKS.

Italian Popular Tales.

The respect which the investigators of comparative mythology have taught us to feel for the folk tales and fairy stories which used to be relegated to the amusement of the nursery, is one of the marked features of our time. We have learned to recognize in this popular lore, transmitted by word of mouth from remote antiquity, vestiges of a primitive Aryan literature from which, as from other more elaborate literatures, may be gleaned instruction and suggestion with regard to the social, moral, and religious history of the people depicted and addressed. These products of unconscious historians and untutored artists are not by any means, however, of exclusively Aryan origin, even in the countries which are now peopled solely by the offshoots of the Aryan stock. As we pass from the folk tales of Scandinavia or of the northern Celts to those current in southern Europe, we see commemorated many points of contact and of fusion between the men of Indo-European and those of Semitic lineage. Of the stories of Oriental origin still current in Sicily, southern Italy, and Spain, not a few seem to have been naturalized at a date much earlier than the time at which the Eastern tales of well-known collections, like the "Arabian Nights," received their final literary form. The transformations which such stories underwent in their new homes are full of striking indications of the grade and type of civilization reached by Italy and Sicily in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries of our era, or, in other words, the most obscure epoch of post-Roman history. It is this curious section of European folk lore which has hitherto been least accessible to the English reader, for the reason that the work performed for Germany by the brothers Grimm, in laboriously collecting the traditional literature from the lips of the people, was but tardily undertaken in the Italian peninsula. Of late years, however, something like a concerted effort has been made by the scholars of Palermo, Florence, and Milan to write down, with the accuracy demanded by materials essentially historical, the stories current among the humbler classes of the population throughout the Italian mainland and the island of Sicily. A large amount of such authentic materials, which the well-inspired collectors have carefully abstained from damaging by a conventional literary treatment, has already been amassed, and it is an extensive selection from its treasures that Prof. T. F. Crane has rendered us a signal service by translating in a large octavo volume containing more than a hundred *Italian Popular Tales* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This book is certain to command a multitude of readers, for while the author's introduction and notes will be perused with interest and profit by those who appreciate the importance of folk lore, the stories themselves will be conned with delight by children, because many of them are new, while those that are variations of familiar themes have a local color so distinct as to impart a good deal of the charm of novelty. The author has distributed his versions under the five heads of Fairy Tales, Stories of Oriental Origin, Legends and Ghost Stories, Nursery Tales, and Jests. Of the materials grouped under the first two heads, some have been made familiar in finished literary forms by Boccaccio, Perrault, and Mlle. Lhéritier, and by innumerable translations from the Persian and the Arabic. Here, it should be understood, we have the homely original garbs, free from any admixture of skill or embellishment on the part of the narrator, and which, in most instances, must have long antedated the literary vestments in which they have hitherto been known to us. For example, the story of "Puss in Boots" is universally familiar in the artistic French version by Perrault, but Prof. Crane gives us a very much older form of it, printed in the collection of Straparola, printed in Venice about the middle of the sixteenth century. Here, too, we see the primitive Italian formulas for the story of "Cinderella" and of "Beauty and the Beast." We may add that the wicked stepmother is a very prominent figure in the folk tales of the peninsula.

In the "Stories of Oriental Origin" we come upon the germs of several tales that were turned to notable account in the fables of La Fontaine. Here, for instance, is the popular Italian form of "Le Dépositaire Infidèle:" "A merchant confides to a neighbor some iron scales, or balances, for safe keeping. When he wishes them back he is told that the mice have eaten them up. The merchant is silent, and, some time after, asks his neighbor to lend him his son to aid him in bathing. After the bath the merchant shuts the boy up in a cave, and when the father asks where he is, is told that a falcon has carried him off. The neighbor exclaimed: 'Thou liar, how can a falcon carry away a boy?' The merchant responded: 'Thou veracious man! If a falcon cannot carry away a boy, neither can mice eat iron scales. Therefore, give me back my scales if you desire your son?'" In the same category of tales drawn from Eastern sources, Prof. Crane prints three Italian versions of the story-telling parrot. The remarkable thing about these Italian versions is that they are evidently based on the Oriental collection, "The Cukasaptati," although the frame work of the original has been filled in with different stories.

The "Legends and Ghost Stories," of which many examples are given in this volume, throw a great deal of light on the state of religious feeling and belief among the Italian peoples in the earlier middle ages. In the following we have a variation of the legend of 'The Wandering Jew;" the story is called 'Malchus at the Column." "Malchus was the head of the Jews who killed our Lord. The Lord pardoned them all, and likewise the good thief, but he never pardoned Malchus because it was he who gave the Madonna a blow. He is confined under a mountain, and condemned to walk round a column without resting as long as the world lasts. Every time that he walks about the column he gives it a blow in memory of the blow he gave the mother of our Lord. He has walked around the column so long that he has sunk into the ground; he is now up to his neck. When he is under, head and all, the world will come to an end, and God will then send him to the place prepared for him. He asks all those who go to see him (for there are such) whether children are yet born, and when they say yes, he gives a deep sigh, and resumes his walk saying, 'The time is not yet, for before the world comes to an end there will be no children born for seven years.'" St. Peter is the hero of several stories, one of which is naturally a great favorite among the brigands of Calabria and Sicily. This narrative recites that "Once, while St. Peter was journeying with the apostles, they found themselves at night out in the fields, and took shelter in a cabin belonging to some shepherds, who received them very inhospitably and gave them nothing to eat. Soon after a band of robbers attacked the flock and robbed the shepherds, who ran away. The robbers came to the cabin, and, when they heard from the apostles how shabbily they had been treated, gave them the supper that the shepherds had prepared for themselves and went their way. 'Blessed be the robbers,' said St. Peter, 'for they treat the hungry poor better than the rich do.' 'Blessed be the robbers,' said the apostles, and ate their fill."

Among the "jests" transmitted from mouth to mouth among the country folk of Italy for at least a thousand years is a story told of Dante, but which unquestionably circulated in the following popular form long before Dante's time. Guifa, who figures in this and many another humorous story, is, of course, the typical booby. "Once Guifa went to a farm house for something, and the farmers, when they saw him looking so ragged and poor, came near setting the dogs on him and made him leave in a hurry. When his mother heard it she procured for him a fine coat, a pair of breeches, and a velvet vest. Guifa, thus dressed up like an overseer, went to the same farm house, and then you should see what great ceremonies they made. They invited him to dine with them. While at the table all were very attentive to him. Guifa with his one hand filled his stomach, and with the other thrust into his pockets, coat, and hat whatever was left over, saying: 'Eat, my clothes, for you were invited.'" Another story, also popularly associated by the Tuscans in later times with Dante, is really, no doubt, much older. In his notes, Prof. Crane gives the Sicilian version: "Once upon a time Peter Fellone, the stonecutter, was working in the cemetery near the church of Santo Spirito. A man passed by and said: 'Peter, what is the best mouthful?' Fellone answered, 'An egg,' and stopped. A year later Fellone was working in the same place, sitting on the ground and breaking stones. The man who had questioned him the year before passed by again, and said, 'Peter, with what?' meaning what is good to eat with an egg. 'With salt,' answered Peter Fellone. He had such a wise head that after a year he remembered a thing that a passer-by had said."

Wonderful Discoveries in the Heavens.

In *The Story of the Heavens* (Cassell & Co.) Prof. R. S. Ball, the well-known and eloquent Astronomer Royal for Ireland, has given us a charming addition to the literature of astronomy. The book differs from most other treatises of the kind in being rather a narrative of great discoveries in the heavens than a popular text book of astronomy. The author evidently did not set out merely to teach astronomy to those who wish to learn, for there is little of the didactic in his work. He appeals to a far wider range of readers: to those who, without caring to master the science, even in its more elementary principles, desire, nevertheless, to be made acquainted with all that is picturesque and wonderful in the great field of celestial discovery. He takes his readers on an intellectual voyage beyond the earth, and, like a good sea captain, he recognizes that his passengers care more for seeing with their own eyes the splendors and marvels of the great deep of space than for learning the technical methods of the original discoverers. There are very few readers who are not willing to take the conclusions of a Newton and the statements of a Herschel on trust. Prof. Ball, who, while deservedly ranking high among the professional astronomers of the day, is not so much of a mathematician that he cannot be a prose poet, has in this work added one more to the short list of those books which prove that it is no more difficult and no less delightful to peruse understandingly the story of the heavens, when it is properly told, than to read the masterpieces of terrestrial history. There seems to be no reason why the truths of science should not, in many cases, be as well worthy of literary treatment as the facts of history or the fancies of romance. In the case of astronomy, indeed, the facts to be dealt with bear, in many respects, a close likeness to those which the traveller into remote and strange lands has to relate. There is hardly anything so wonderful in the career of the human race as the fact that men, having encircled, measured, weighed, probed, and explored the globe upon whose surface they are whirling through open space, have finally dropped their sounding lines into the abysses of the universe, and found out the relations of their tiny sphere to the mighty creation amid which it floats like a mote in the sunbeams. All modern discovery tends to reveal more clearly the unity of the physical universe, and to make plainer the fact that the earth is most intimately related with all the heavenly bodies, not merely through the effects of gravitation, but by substantial identity of composition, structure, and destiny. "Citizen of the world" seemed a broad term once, but astronomical discoveries have made it a narrow one. Intellectual man is a citizen of the solar system—a citizen of the universe. It is because Prof. Ball's new work is unusually well calculated to attract the attention of all intelligent readers to the great objects of human interest and import lying beyond the earth that we particularly welcome it.

In describing the solar system the sun naturally comes first. Prof. Ball gives us the proper perspective by pointing out that if the sun and the earth were to vanish, "the effect in the universe would merely be that a tiny star had ceased its twinkling." But this is only the view of the sun which one would have if placed far out in space, beyond the limits of the solar empire. To the inhabitants of the earth, placed close to its blazing orb, the sun, although only a star among the stars, has, as Prof. Ball says, "an importance incalculably transcending that of all the other stars."

Perhaps the most astonishing discovery ever made concerning the sun was that black spots sometimes appeared upon its surface. When we consider how far the sun transcends in splendor all other celestial phenomena visible from the earth, and how completely its existence must have seemed to the ancients to be accounted for on the supposition that its sole business was to shed light on the earth, we can understand the indignant protest with which the first announcement of the discovery of sun spots was greeted, that "the eye of the universe could not suffer from ophthalmia."

It has been reserved to the last quarter of a century to behold the gradual unfolding of a new and very wonderful relation between the sun and the earth. It must have been apparent to thinking minds almost from the first that the sun spots were the result of tremendous disturbing forces acting upon the sun's surface. But it is only of late years that the fact has come to be recognized that these disturbances sometimes produce clearly defined effects upon the earth. Astronomers have only recently become convinced that solar outbursts, connected with sun spots, are capable of causing magnetic storms upon our planet. The function of the sun as a light giver is so obvious that it fails to impress us with wonder, and the operation of its attraction in holding the earth in its orbit is, on the other hand, so recondite that it possesses little significance, except to the mind of the astronomer. But the fact that the sun is capable of sending electric impulses to the earth, although really no more wonderful than the others, seems far more startling, because it is only now and then a matter of actual experience. The manifestations of this power of the sun, too, are of a very surprising character. There is an outburst upon the sun, and almost instantly our northern heavens are aflame with mysterious lights, and our telegraph wires and ocean cables become crazed with electric excitement.

We are surprised to find that Prof. Ball, in his discussion of these phenomena, has failed to mention two of the most recent and most remarkable examples of this strange influence of the sun upon the earth's magnetic condition. These were the well-remembered magnetic storms of April and November, 1882. Nobody who beheld the imposing display of boreal lights in the heavens or had any experience with telegraphic instruments on those two occasions will be likely ever to forget them. These storms coincided with, and were doubtless caused by, tremendous disturbances upon the surface of the sun.

Even more wonderful in appearance, though more difficult of observation than the solar spots, are the coronal streamers and red hydrogen flames surrounding the sun. These phenomena have also attracted special attention only within the last twenty-five years, and while the sun spots have furnished us with a key that promises to let us into some of the secrets of the constitution of the solar orb, the fiery and nebulous envelopes of the sun open up another field of study which shows us that the immediate belongings of the god of day extend far beyond the limits of the dazzling globe that we ordinarily think of as the sun. The spectroscope and the revelations made during total eclipses enable us to picture the sun as he would appear to an eye placed beyond the confines of our atmosphere. There we should see the sun, as he really is, surrounded by splendid envelopes and banners of light. It is a tribute to the superior clearness of our atmosphere as compared with that of Great Britain, and also perhaps to the keenness of sight and accuracy of American astronomers, that Prof. Ball has borrowed nearly all of the finest illustrations of these solar appendages contained in his book from the workshops of our observers. The same remark will apply to the majority of the other fine views of celestial scenery in the book.

Prof. Ball passes in silence the observations of Prof. Hastings made at Caroline Island during the eclipse of 1883, from which Prof. Hastings deduced the conclusion that the corona is simply a phenomenon of the diffraction of light. Most astronomers will probably agree in the opinion that the corona is a real appendage of the sun, notwithstanding the Caroline Island experiments; and yet it is not improbable that Prof. Hastings is partially right, and that diffraction does play a part in the production of the strange and splendid spectacle surrounding the hidden sun during an eclipse. Prof. Ball has also said nothing of the recent exceedingly interesting experiments of Dr. Huggins and Mr. Woods, who for a couple of years past have been accumulating a remarkable series of photographs of the sun taken in broad daylight, and showing what is believed to be the faint impression of the corona surrounding the solar orb. It is manifest that a most important field of research is here being opened up, if the photographic plates really do reveal what the eye and the telescope are unable to detect on account of the atmospheric glare.

Next to the sun in its immediate importance to us Prof. Ball places the moon, and he has given, what most readers who wish to learn something about the condition of our satellite without wading through special treatises will thank him for, a brief yet comprehensive description of the lunar scenery.

It is a most interesting fact that we possess a surprising knowledge of the scenery of this world which lies 240,000 miles beyond our reach. The discoveries of the telescope in the moon have been most disappointing to persons who expected that this wonderful instrument would reveal to us the existence of living beings upon our satellite. On the other hand, these discoveries are exceedingly gratifying to those who have not indulged in extravagant and unwarranted expectations. No one can behold the lunar landscapes that the powerful telescopes of modern days reveal, without a feeling of the most absorbing and peculiar interest. Here we are, standing upon the surface of one world and looking into another world, not a creation of the imagination, but an actual, solid, and substantial globe. We see there mountains of most strange form and of gigantic size, volcanic craters that have been cold and silent for ages, and into whose black throats we can watch the sunbeams slowly descending and revealing tremendous precipices, huge ridges of solidified lava, and frightful chasms into whose depths the light of day never penetrates. We turn from the centre of the moon's disk, where we can look straight down upon the mountain tops, to its edge, and there we see great ranges in outline heaped up against the sky. Scattered here and there over the surface of this dead and desert world we behold the bottoms of ancient seas, dried up ages ago, and we can even trace the places where the shallows must have been, and where the great depths lay when those ocean beds were filled, as they may once have been, with water. All this becomes the more fascinating when we consider that it really is a glimpse into another world. It is true, as Prof. Ball reminds us, that our most powerful telescopes are not able to bring the moon closer than within an apparent distance of 250 miles; yet it is no slight thing to get even within that distance of a great heavenly body.

Under the title of the "Planet of Romance" Prof. Ball discusses the question of the existence of a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury. Le Verrier, for mathematical reasons, believed in the existence of such a planet, to which the name of Vulcan has been given, and the French astronomer's great reputation sufficed to keep alive the belief in Vulcan for many years, despite the failure of all attempts to detect it with the telescope. During the total solar eclipse of 1878 the late Prof. Watson of Ann Arbor saw what he believed was the long-sought Vulcan, shining in the field of his telescope not far from the hidden sun. Careful search has been made for the planet during three solar eclipses since then, but in vain. Most astronomers have accordingly been inclined to reject Prof. Watson's observation as erroneous, although it was at the time confirmed by Prof. Swift. But we observe that Prof. Ball takes a different view, and the many admirers of Watson will be interested in what the Irish astronomer says. After remarking that more recent attempts to find Vulcan have failed, he adds:

> We cannot, however, believe it possible that so experienced an astronomer as Mr. Watson was mistaken. He has been one of the most successful discoverers of minor planets, and, not improbably, posterity will have to admit, when the inter-Mercurial planet or planets become better known, that the first reliable observation on this subject was made by Watson.

It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to give even an outline of the discoveries that have been made since the days of Herschel concerning the other members of the planetary system, and Prof. Ball, after devoting a generous portion of his 500 and odd octavo pages to the subject, has only been able to touch some of the more important of them. Where there is such a wealth of material it is hard to make choice, and while it may be said that Prof. Ball has left unmentioned a host of interesting facts about the giant Jupiter, the ringed wonder Saturn, the snow-capped Mars, and the other members of the sun's great family of circling worlds, yet what he has told is charmingly presented, and is sure to whet the reader's appetite for more. And he has heightened the effect of his descriptions of the condition of the planets by judicious suggestions on the question of their habitability. What, for instance, could be more interesting then this concerning the planet Venus?

> If there be oxygen in the atmosphere of Venus, then it would seem possible that there might be life on Venus which was not of a very different character from life on the earth. No doubt the sun's heat on Venus is greatly in excess of the sun's heat with which we are acquainted; but this is a difficulty not insuperable. We see at present on the earth life in very hot regions and life in very cold regions. Indeed, as we go into the tropics we find life more and more exuberant, so that should water be present on the surface of Venus, and oxygen in its atmosphere, we might expect to find in that planet a luxuriant tropical life, of a kind perhaps analogous in some respects to life on the earth.

In writing this passage Prof. Ball seems to have overlooked the fact that we have evidence that water actually does exist upon Venus. During the transit of Venus across the sun's disk in 1882, Prof. Young of Princeton, and, if we mistake not, other observers, found unmistakable spectroscopic evidence of the existence of watery vapor in the atmosphere of the planet. The familiar veiled appearance of Venus in the telescope and the extraordinary brilliancy of its surface have long been regarded as strong evidence of the existence of clouds in its atmosphere. In fact, Venus seems to be much more clouded than the earth, and incomparably more so than Mars, the permanent features of whose surface are rarely concealed from view.

Nobody who is acquainted with the evidence we have as to the condition of Jupiter and Saturn doubts that they are yet uncooled planets, and unsuited to be the abode of life. Prof. Ball does not dissent from this opinion, but he remarks: "It may, however, be contended, with some plausibility, that Jupiter has in the distant future the prospect of a glorious career as the residence of organic life," and a similar remark might be applied to Saturn.

Comets, shooting stars, and meteors must necessarily occupy much space in any book which pretends to give a comprehensive survey of the field of astronomical science in the present day, and Prof Ball has collected a great deal of interesting matter relating to these phenomena not ordinarily within the reach of the general reader. His discussion of shooting stars in their connection with comets, and the manner in which he points out the distinction between shooting stars and meteorites are particularly clear and satisfactory. The story of the stones and masses of nearly pure iron that have fallen from the sky makes one of the most curious chapters in the history of science. At the beginning of this century even savants scouted the idea that any such extraordinary event as the falling of massive bodies out of the sky could really take place. Even the careful record which the Emperor Maximilian had made of the fall of a meteorite at Ensisheim on Nov. 7, 1492, and the presence of the stone itself, hung by the Emperor's orders in the village church, did not convince the doubters. Now, however, there is no longer any doubt entertained as to the fact that stones do occasionally fall from the heavens. The only question is, Whence do they come? Prof. Ball undertakes to answer this, and arrives at the conclusion that they were probably cast forth from terrestrial volcanoes in the earlier stages of its history, when those volcanoes possessed an explosive energy vastly exceeding anything of the kind with which we are acquainted today. This conclusion is not original with Prof. Ball. It has considerable mathematical evidence in its favor which we cannot here describe. One of the strongest corroborative points in favor of this theory is that meteorites show a remarkable resemblance in their constitution to similar substances believed to have been forced up from the interior of the earth.

The history of the adventures of Encke's comet has perhaps never been better told for popular reading than it is by Prof. Ball. The picture of this little comet pursuing its irregular elliptical path around the sun, pulled now this way and now that by the attraction of the planets, is most entertaining. One need not possess any mathematical instinct to perceive the beauty of the process by which this wanderer of space is made to serve as a most delicate means of weighing some of the planets, through the story that its meanderings tell of the varying force of their attraction upon it.

From a survey of the solar system we pass on to the broader subject of the starry universe. It is easy, with our present knowledge, to make a mental picture of the solar system, and so to understand its structure. We have only to figure to ourselves the sun as a huge shining globe in the centre, and the planets as comparatively small, and opaque globes revolving around it at different distances. It is also easy to convince ourselves that all the stars are suns, and that their minuteness is owing only to their excessive distance from us. We can easily argue from analogy, also, that each of the stars may be the centre of a system of worlds like ours. But then the stars are practically innumerable. Those that the naked eye shows can be counted, but nobody can count the multitudes that telescopes reveal. We cannot probe the starry system; we do not know what its structure is; we cannot see its shape. The celebrated hypothesis of Mädler that the stars are all revolving around a common center has been exploded. There is no common centre that we can detect. The sun with his family of worlds is rushing through space at enormous speed straight toward the constellation of Hercules. Other stars are rushing with equal or greater velocity in other directions. There are three stars in the constellation of the Great Bear which are all shooting away from one another, as if they were the fragments made by some tremendous explosion. All the constellations known to us will fall to pieces and dissolve in the course of ages, and new star groups will take their places. This maze of universal motion no one can yet unravel. We are even ignorant of the contents of the heavens. We see the stars, but what else may be there we do not know. Prof. Ball has likened our view of the starry universe to a traveller's distant sight of an illuminated city. He sees the lights, but he cannot see the objects which they illuminate:

> So it is when we look on the starry host—we see the bright points of light, but we see nothing else; of all the dark objects illuminated by those lights we see absolutely nothing. We cannot resist the conjecture that this unseen universe is of great interest and complexity, though we are unable to see anything more than the system of lights by which it is illuminated.

This reference to dark bodies in space recalls one of the most singular discoveries, or perhaps we should rather say deductions, of modern astronomy—that of the probable existence of extinguished suns. How numerous these may be we have no means of telling, but that they must exist, if the nebular theory of the origin and development of the heavenly bodies is true, is evident. That theory looks forward to a time when our own sun will cease to shine, and when the little corner of space which it now illumines will be buried in gloom.

Of the beautiful phenomena of the double, triple, and multiple stars and star clusters, and of those strange objects, the nebulæ, we have not space here to speak, but there is one other subject, to which Prof. Ball has devoted the closing chapter of his work, that seems worth particular mention. This is the subject of tidal evolution, which constitutes a new and most promising branch of astronomical research. It has been developed within the past few years principally by Mr. G. H. Darwin. As an instrument of research it requires the application of the most refined powers of mathematical analysis, but the conclusions to which it leads are of the highest interest. The best known application of it is in the theory that Mr. Darwin has developed of the birth of the moon. According to his deductions the moon is the true daughter of the earth, the very bone of its bone, having been torn from the earth's side in the early ages of its history when it was yet plastic. Just after that event the moon revolved around the earth in the same time that the earth rotated on its axis. From that period the effect of the tidal action in the two bodies was to increase the length of the day, or the time that the earth required to complete a rotation, and also to increase the distance of the moon from the earth. Looking into the future this theory points to a remote time when the earth will rotate on its axis in the same time that the moon takes to go around the earth, or, in other words, when the day and the month will be of equal length. This is but one application of the theory of tidal evolution, and that part which relates to the breaking off of the moon from the earth is, as Prof. Ball points out, only a "daring speculation," although it is based upon an apparently very rigid course of reasoning. But the tidal theory promises to give a new means of prying into the secrets of nature, and to add redoubled force to the magic science of celestial mechanics.

An American Believer of the Napoleonic Legend.

It is a remarkable proof of the fascination exercised by a commanding personality that the authors, and the most effective propagandists of the Napoleonic legend, to which France owes the probably irreparable calamities of the second empire, have been men whose prepossessions must have been strongly counter to usurped authority and to autocratic government under all of its disguises. Napoleon III., who sometimes astonished his parasites by a cynical candor, made no secret of his tremendous indebtedness to Thiers, without whose history of the Consulate and the Empire the son of Hortense would never, as he well knew, have set foot in the Tuileries. That Thiers in his old age, as he strove to rescue France from shipwreck, did not bitterly deplore the mischief wrought by his superfervid rhapsody, is inconceivable, for events had shown that even the memory of that first empire, which in his youth he had depicted as a glory and a blessing, might become a deadly solvent of the national character and the common weal.

Thiers wrote when the men were still living who had followed the eagles from the Tagus to the Moskowa. It is a much more striking proof of the influence exerted by the first Napoleon on the students of his life that even now, when his family name is execrated by the generation of Frenchmen dishonored at Metz and at Sedan, an American writer of undeniable abilities should attempt to rehabilitate the Napoleonic legend. Nothing less than this, however, is essayed in the lectures recently delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston by Mr. John Codman Ropes, and now reprinted in book form (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is more than a quarter of a century since Mr. Ropes was powerfully attracted by the first Napoleon's career, and the examination of it, in its diverse aspects and consequences, has ever since engaged a large part of his attention. He has come to be well known by those who are themselves interested in the history of this century as undoubtedly the highest American authority on the facts of the Napoleonic era, whatever may be the acceptability of his deductions. It had, indeed, been made clear by papers occasionally published in reviews and magazines that Mr. Ropes had arrived at conclusions of a nature truly extraordinary when the date and place of their exposition were considered. His views are now set forth at length in the volume before us, and, although some of his positions are to us excessively repugnant, we do not hesitate to say that they represent collectively the most powerful defence of the first Napoleon that has been made in any language. The Napoleonic family stand in sore need of friends, and if any man now living deserves their gratitude it is the transatlantic, disinterested author of these impressive lectures.

The thesis propounded by the lecturer is of course not new; it is the skill and cogency with which Mr. Ropes upholds it that are new and noteworthy. Was Napoleon I. a savior of society? Was he necessary to the new France, emergent from the throes of the revolution, in the sense, for example, that Julius Cæsar was indispensable to the new Roman world by which a scheme of government evolved for the uses of a city had been palpably outgrown? Were the social and legal meliorations which followed the downfall of the ancien régime cheaply purchased by the pretermission of the effort at self-government which was confessedly involved in submission to an autocrat? Is it true that the abdication of political rights was essential to the retention of those vast social benefits embodied in the French codes? Is it true that the French republic could not have defended its soil against the foreigner, with such Generals at its disposal as Jourdan, Massena, Hoche, and Moreau? Is it true that even under the Consulate the peace of Luneville was extorted more by Napoleon's campaign of Marengo than by the movements of Moreau, which culminated at Hohenlinden? Is it true in view of the history preceding the eighteenth of Brumaire that republican France had any lack of Generals or statesmen, and that her sole chance of averting a premature return of the Bourbons, and the loss of all her precious acquisitions, lay in her acquiescence in a subversion of a part of them? Granting that the recently enfranchised French people had not, at the date of the 18th Brumaire, evinced as much fitness for the function of self-government as the English-speaking folk, can we hit on any method by which the desired aptitude could be imparted, except the familiar method of persistent practice? Were Frenchmen likely to govern themselves any better in 1814, because for fifteen years they had been stripped by Napoleon of the power to govern themselves at all? How did English-speaking communities learn to govern themselves, except by practice, and how are French communities ever to deserve the suffrage if they must wait for the gift until the capacity to use it has in some way been evolved from their inner consciousness?

That the career of Napoleon was not an unmitigated curse to France and Europe is indisputably true. So much every candid reviewer of the facts will concede to Mr. Ropes. But all the beneficial acts of his public life should, in our judgment, be credited, not to the man's individuality, but to the irresistible pressure of the circumstances. As a parvenu and a usurper, the Corsican adventurer had moral forces of tremendous energy arrayed against him, and he had positively no moral force behind him except that created by the revolution. He did but recognize and bow to the plainest dictates of self-preservation in accepting and fulfilling all that part of the accomplishment and promise of the revolution that could possibly be reconciled with his personal ambition. Mr. Ropes fails to convince us that the French revolution could not have got on well enough without Napoleon, while no one would be more swift than the author of these lectures to acknowledge that Napoleon Bonaparte could never have got on without the revolution. It was only as the professed expounder and official executor of the revolution that he assumed to hold a mandate, or possessed any solid power beyond the immediate influence of his armies.

Mr. Ropes has not persuaded us that the people had not more experience of self-government and better prospects of an effective employment of the franchise under the Directory than under the first empire. He has not convinced us that the 18th Brumaire was needed to give France a code. Nor can he hope to persuade Frenchmen of the present generation that the first Napoleon is not mainly accountable for the most lamentable fact of this century, namely, that France had to wait till 1871 to resume her interrupted experiment of a republic—and to resume it then dismembered—instead of being able to look back on more than seventy years of political liberty as well as equality before the law. M. W. H.

An Englishwoman's Impressions of America.

The American reader will follow with some interest the notes of travel published by Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer under the name of *Flying Leaves* (Scribner & Welford), because more than two-thirds of the pages that set forth the lady's observations relate to this country. The author is manifestly a thoroughly educated and well-bred person, whose opinions will be likely to have a good deal of influence in English society, and on that account would be scanned by ourselves with considerable curiosity, even if they were not often recommended by good sense, good feeling, and good taste. Not, of course, that her comments will always be welcome to local self-esteem, but, on the whole, her disinterested candor is more satisfactory than the labored adulation to which we have been treated by some transatlantic lecturers and actors. There is no affectation nor dissimulation in her book; if she likes a thing, she says so, and if she disapproves of it, she is not restrained by any money-getting motives from expressing her views with fearlessness and frankness.

Mrs. Pfeiffer seems to have visited almost every large city in the United States from Boston to San Francisco. Of Chicago she conceived a very unfavorable idea. "This city," she writes, "is a marvel, but it is one that lies heavy on the heart. The signs of a material prosperity so disproportioned to any higher need or use to which it could be applied are overwhelming to the spirit. The hotels, the warehouses, the retail stores, are many of them vast palaces." But, as she goes on presently to tell us, "the wares in these magnificent stores are for the most part hideously vulgar, especially the furniture and wearing apparel; much such, only on a bigger and costlier scale, as might tempt the money out of the pockets of the thriftless, well-to-do hands in one of our own mining districts. * * * The people of Chicago, wealthy as they are, have not yet learned how wealth can be decently squandered. * * * The whole city and all within it appears to belong to the proletariat." This is not precisely pleasant, but there is worse to come. Mrs. Pfeiffer assures her English compatriots that "having walked the streets of Chicago, and peered about me with curious intent, I cannot call to mind having seen a single man or woman whose appearance unequivocally denoted a lady or gentleman; plenty of good-looking, even handsome people, and mostly in good clothes, as judged of by cost; very generally young, and amazingly self-confident; people who, it might be assumed from their facial expression, were as little dependent upon human sympathy as it is possible for live men and women to be; ladies and gentlemen, very probably in the making—and progress in this, as in other departments of industry, is doubtless rapid in the States—but assuredly as yet only the raw material."

In Philadelphia Mrs. Pfeiffer knew not whether to be most amused or astounded by the combination of courtesy and business in her reception by a distinguished personage in whom, although discreetly veiled by an initial, we recognize the well-known proprietor of the *Ledger*. After observing that "Mr. C—— is widely known as a philanthropist, his acts of beneficence extending far beyond his native city," the author of these notes recounts that "the office in which he received us was made interesting by varied tributes from the persons of widely different character and manner of life with whom he had had relation. * * * After putting his carriage at our disposal and offering us other attentions, he spread before us an array of lovely little cups and saucers, and enjoined me to choose one for each of us as a memento of our visit. We are all too apt to take our individual experiences as typical. I will not, therefore, say that the *trait* was American, when at parting this gentleman, whose good deeds have made him honorably known and beloved in many lands, put into my husband's hand an envelope containing three little pamphlets, one an elaborate description of the various objects and adornments of his office room, another an account of his library and its treasures, and a third the memoir of his life and acts, with an estimate of his character, and even indirectly, through mention of a portrait, of his personal appearance, which must have brought a blush to the cheek of any one of a nature more sophisticated."

Mrs. Pfeiffer does not hesitate to acknowledge the superiority of American women in respect of comeliness, though on this point she speaks with the qualifications and discriminations that we would naturally expect. "Whatever exception," she says, "individual taste may take to the physical beauty attributed to the American offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon race, it can hardly be disputed that the new departure, taken in its new environment, if not justifying the exclusive claims sometimes made for it, is marked by singular distinction. There may be too much development of nerve tissue for high health and the perfect condition on which much of beauty depends, but that very overplus gives an air of breeding to many a subject of the States who will be found, on nearer acquaintance, to possess it only in *posse*. Note taken of all classes, East and West, in mere regularity of feature, I am inclined to give the palm to Americans over the original stock. In harmony and variety of expression, as in fine quality of coloring, we Britons may, on the other hand, still have the advantage; but the superior beauty of hands and feet we must surely concede to the younger branch. Would that these beautiful, high-bred hands would hold themselves too dainty for contact with the vile little instruments with which their owners are so constantly to be seen probing their teeth in public. The loveliest hand would be unwelcome to the clasp after such indelicate manipulation of these objects as is sometimes beheld. That this uncleanly practice is common in a degree to most of the (otherwise civilized) nations of the European continent only proves that we, in our little island, have reached a point in personal habits whereto it would be creditable for all to follow without delay. I believe that the best-mannered Americans have already done so."

Book Notes.

"The Rabbi's Spell," by Stuart C. Cumberland (Appletons) is a story of Jewish persecution in Russia of no little dramatic power.

In "Our Father in Heaven" (Lee & Shepard), Mr. William C. Richards has diluted the Lord's Prayer into a series of sonnets. We prefer the original prose.

"Ten Boys who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now," (Lee & Shepard), are brief stories of a semi-historical character by Jane Andrews, designed for juvenile readers.

"Short Studies from Nature" (Cassell & Co.) consists of a series of ten essays by prominent English scientists of the day. They are written in a style to attract the general reader.

"The Ethics of George Eliot's Works" (Geo. H. Buchanan & Co.), is a reprint of the essay, so entitled, by the late John Crombie Brown, which elicited the grateful acknowledgments of Mrs. Cross herself.

The "Lutheran Year Book" for 1886, edited by the Rev. Sylvanus Stall, contains the addresses of 3,717 Lutheran ministers in the United States, and is the only complete annual published in the Lutheran Church.

We have received the "Century Magazine" for 1885 in one volume, and "St. Nicholas" in two (Century Company). It would be hard to say which forms the more attractive feature, the reading matter or the illustrations. Both are admirable.

The Æsthetic and Literary Miscellanies of Samuel Taylor Coleridge with the unfinished sketch of his Theory of Life are collected and arranged in a duodecimo volume by Mr. T. Ashe, the editor of his "Table Talk," and are published by Scribner & Welford.

"The Globe Drama" and "The Popular Speaker," by George M. Baker; "Five Minute Declamations," by Walter K. Fobes, and "Parlor Varieties," by Emma E. Brewster and Lizzie B. Scribner (Lee & Shepard), are intended for young persons with dramatic tastes.

"The Story of a Ranch" (Cassell & Co.) is very pleasantly told by Alice Wellington Rollins. Her pictures of life and scenery on the Kansas prairies are of a somewhat roseate hue, but we shall be surprised if she does not communicate a portion of her enthusiasm to many of her readers.

The "Mother's Manual of Children's Diseases," by Charles West, M. D. (Appletons), is not, the author says, intended as a handbook for the nursery. The object is to give a description of the diseases of early life, such as may enable a mother to understand something of their nature and symptoms, and enable her intelligently to assist the doctor.

"A Captive of Love" is an English adaptation, by Edward Greey, of Bakin's Japanese romance, "Kumono Tayema Ama Yo No Tsuki" (The Moon Shining Through a Cloud-rift on a Rainy Night). (Lee & Shepard). It illustrates Japanese civilization five hundred years ago, and exhibits invention, pathos, and no little humor. Very quaint are the Japanese illustrations taken from the original work.

Mr. Duncan MacGregor Crerar delivered a capital anniversary poem at the last annual dinner of the Burns Society of New York. Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. of London have just published it in very handsome style and with beautiful illustrations under the genial auspices of the patron saint of Dunfermline, whose other name is Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Crerar's poem is of stirring quality, and as Scotch as scotch may be.

In "Genesis Re-read," by T. G. Steward, D. D., the leading idea appears to be that while the scientist may seek to correct his reading of nature by the facts of the Bible, the Christian must also seek to correct his reading of the Bible by the facts of nature. The writer believes that the Mosaic record, while teaching a direct creation, also allows for orderly development. Hence he does not regard the evidences of evolution as in any way affecting the credibility of the Bible.

"Catherine Owen's New Cook Book" (Cassell & Co.) is not, according to the author, a cookery book in the strict sense of the term, but an attempt to help inexperienced housekeepers in the difficulties they find in using good recipes without some knowledge of cooking. Her chapters on what to have in the storeroom, luncheons, general management in very small families, and the like, are sensible and timely. Her recipes are less numerous than are found in most cookery books, but will stand the test of a critical examination.

"A Woman's Inheritance," by Amanda M. Douglas (Lee & Shepard), is one of the so-called Douglas series of novels which have met with considerable popular favor.

The Rev. Dr. Moriarty's "Keys of the Kingdom" (Catholic Publication Society) is designed to counteract the influence of works like Mallock's "Is Life Worth Living?" He believes that religion is worth studying, and that to eliminate the element of supernaturalism from it is to sap the foundations of morality. The author is a zealous and uncompromising Roman Catholic, but not a harsh controversialist.

The opponents of Mormonism have always maintained that the real author of the "Book of Mormon" was one Solomon Spalding, who about 1812-13 wrote an historical romance entitled the "Manuscript Found," in which the peopling of America is ascribed to emigrants from the lost tribes of Israel. The original manuscript of Mr. Spalding's work, which was never published, but of which Sydney Rigdon, who was Joseph Smith's disciple and co-worker, obtained a copy, has recently been discovered in the library of Mr. L. L. Rice of Honolulu, formerly an anti-slavery editor in Ohio and for many years State printer in Columbus. President Fairchild of Oberlin College, Ohio, who has examined this manuscript, is of the opinion that the Spalding theory of the origin of the Book of Mormon will have to be relinquished. This decision is received with approbation by the Latter Day Saints, who have published a verbatim copy of the original Spalding manuscript. It is a very slight performance, marred by errors of spelling and grammar, and it reflects credit upon both Smith and Rigdon that they derived their inspiration from some other source.

"The Dawning" (Lee & Shepard) is a novel written with the best intentions, but so faulty and crude in construction, and at times so inflated in style, that the moral which the author seeks to point may escape the reader's apprehension. The hero, Mr. Langdon Bowditch of Boston, a graduate of Harvard College and of its Law school, pauses on the threshold of his career at the bar because he believes that not only is the law a bad system, but that our entire social system abounds in gross evils. He ventilates these opinions in the course of a morning call upon a young lady whom he admires. Referring to the judgment of the highest court, he is asked what that tribunal may be. "The court of the highest moral verities," he replies. "It sits in no court house, it wears no ermine, it admits no special pleading; but it is enthroned in the best conscience and honor that ennoble human nature, and rests on the eternal foundations of natural justice." Mr. Bowditch could not have, at it [illegible] has he been delivering his class oration. He frequently recurs to the same topic, but scarcely [illegible] of this phrase. It is [illegible] that the [illegible] social reformer [illegible] the bad personages of the novel become good, the virtuous are rewarded, and the story ends happily.

THE FOURTH PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Completion of the British Road and the Country through which it Runs—Its Political Effect on the Dominion.

PORT MOODY, B. C., Nov. 6.—Following close upon the completion of the Northern Pacific, which has done so much in so short a time in opening up and making known the great Northwest, comes another transcontinental line, and the longest continuous line of railroad under one management in the world, the Canadian Pacific. These two great steel highways have completely dispelled the notion so prevalent such a short time ago, that the high latitudes they traverse are semi-arctic and unfit for habitation. Here where I am writing, at some distance north of the 49th parallel, we are experiencing, as far as temperature is concerned, New York September weather, while New Yorkers are shivering with winter clothing and fall overcoats.

The Canadian Pacific, though completed, will not be operated until spring, owing to the non-completion of snow sheds and other protections against snow blockades in the mountain divisions. Through trains will, with the opening of spring, begin running between Halifax and Port Moody, and the road will enter into active competition with the American lines for through business. From the understood policy of the company rates will have to suffer, particularly in the emigrant business, and a big effort will be made to secure a slice of the Oriental traffic. A line of steamers will be put on between Port Moody and China and Japan, and another line between here and Puget Sound and Oregon ports. As both Liverpool and New York are several hundred miles nearer China and Japan via the Canadian route than by any of the American roads, it is believed the company will be in position to satisfactorily compete for the traffic from the Orient.

Undoubtedly the Canadian roads run through a country which at present promises less business than that which was received at first by any of its predecessors. The principal lack is in population, which from Winnipeg west is of course very small and scattering. From that city several hundred miles westward is excellent prairie land, well adapted to wheat. Further westward is a fine stock country, and also rich mineral wealth. The country along the western half of the line is but slightly developed, and it would seem that it must be several years before a sufficient population can be got in to make a paying business for the road. But an enterprising, sturdy class of emigration would bring about great changes in a short time, and what has been the least known portion of the habitable part of the North American continent would undoubtedly soon attain to a prominence but lately dreamed of.

The Canadian Pacific was a political rather than a business enterprise. It was the only inducement that caused British Columbia to enter the Dominion. It was not supposed that the road would at first pay operating expenses, but the earnings of the disconnected lines the past year give reason to hope that it will pay actual expenses from the beginning, although, of course, the earnings thus far have been largely from the eastern and more populous sections of the Dominion. The main line between Montreal and Port Moody traverses a distance of 2,895 miles, and the completion of such an amount of first-class road in the time consumed is an achievement almost without parallel in the history of railroad construction. This immense work has been a heavy drain upon the country, and has added a heavy burden to the already large debt of Canada. When it is remembered that within the borders of the Dominion is not contained a population more than that of the State of New York alone, the magnitude of the undertaking will be comprehended. In fact, the road was constructed by the Government, although nominally by a company. This company already controls the Government, and will rule everything else. The undertaking of such a stupendous work by a thinly populated and financially poor country, with such a bad show for business to sustain the enterprise, seems to have been an unwise and foolhardy piece of business. However, the road will be "solid" as long as the Dominion's credit lasts.

The road terminates at Port Moody, at the head of Burrard Inlet, which extends twelve miles inland from the Gulf of Georgia. Port Moody has the finest harbor on the Pacific coast. It is perfectly landlocked, and never so rough that it cannot be crossed by the shallowest of canoes. A Boston Captain here this season declared that it was the only harbor he was ever in where the only shore fastening needed was some old line to keep from drifting with the ebb and flow of the tide. When I say that the Great Eastern could reach here as easily as the smaller craft the character of the inlet will be understood. Port Moody has already attracted the attention of American and Canadian capitalists, and heavy investments have been made here in real estate. A town has been started where but recently was a primeval forest of gigantic trees, and next year will doubtless see a big increase in population.

Vancouver Island contains the capital of British Columbia, Victoria, a pleasantly situated city of about 15,000 inhabitants. It is an easy-going town, and no business places are opened before 9 in the morning, and the stores and shops close at 5 in the afternoon. The people enjoy life in their deliberate way, and do quite an extensive business withal. The present Provincial Government is in rather bad odor, and there will doubtless soon be a change. Vancouver Island also contains the British Columbia coal mines, whose output ranks in the San Francisco market as the best on the Pacific coast. These mines were discovered by a destitute miner, who is now the millionaire Dunsmuir. The agricultural area on the island is not extensive, and its other resources do not amount to much. New Westminster, on the Frazer River, twelve miles from its mouth, is the principal place on the mainland, and contains three or four thousand people. It is pretty slow in every particular, particularly at present, owing to the dulness in the two principal industries of the mainland, lumbering and fishing. Salmon canning has not been profitable for a couple of years, although previous to that time fortunes were made at it. The run of fish this season was enormous, but the market is badly "off," and several canneries did not run. Only three-quarters of a cent to a cent each was paid for fish. The lumber business is picking up, and will be one of the future sources of this province's wealth. The timber supply is almost inexhaustible and the finest in the world. This great Northwest, including Western Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, will yet deserve its title of the "future shipyard of the world." The principal varieties of timber are Douglas spruce, whose book name is *Pseudo-Tsuga Douglasii*; cedar, spruce, and soft pine. Hard timber is very scarce. The trees attain to immense size, and the forests are very dense. Besides many mills engaged in local business, there are several large ones in the foreign trade, their principal markets being Australia, China, South America, and the Hawaiian Islands. British Columbia has already turned out large mineral wealth, and has yet been prospected but very little. The Canadian Pacific will be an important factor in developing this branch of its resources. The amount of agricultural land is not extensive, and is largely confined to the valley of the Frazer. At present nearly everything consumed is imported from the States, and the cost of living is high. The people as a class are not particularly enterprising and pushing, but with the opening of the Canadian Pacific new blood will probably come in, and a fresh impetus be given.

The rainy season, or winter, sets in here about Nov. 1, and has already got a good start this season. This wet term lasts until about March 1. The snowfall is light west of the Cascades, there rarely being enough for sleighing, and the weather is not severe, although damp and chilling. The rainy season is dreary, although I find that nearly all old residents, or "web feet," prefer it to the severe winter season of the East. There is fine weather between showers, frequently for several days at a time. When the pressure on the big sponge is let up, the finest summer season on the continent begins and lasts uninterruptedly until November again. Rain falls but rarely, and the heat is not oppressive, especially near the coast. The nights are always cool and a couple of good blankets are never too much to have over one at night. The only objectionable feature of the summer is the annually recurring forest fires, which, owing to the continued dry weather, are easily kindled and frequently [illegible] the country in smoke for several weeks at a time, until the fall rains [illegible].

British Columbia boasts that its scenery is not behind any on the continent. Towering snow-capped mountain [illegible] may be seen in all directions, [illegible] and [illegible] abound, and the [illegible] of everything in the [illegible] magnificent in [illegible] and [illegible] the Canadian Pacific, one of the most interesting and least-known regions on the continent. C. T. C.